Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He can not draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Dow. That's the worſt tydings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes-day is neere, die all, dy merrily.
Dow. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a bottle of Sacke, our Souldires ſhall march through; Wee'l to *Sutton-co-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you give me money, Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, I'le anſwer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I have miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I have got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been askt twice on the Banes, ſuch a cómodity of warme ſlaves, as had as liefe heare the Divell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliver, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-duck: I preſt me none but ſuch Toſts & butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they have brought out their ſervices: and now, my whole